

Qu'Appelle Progress.

CHRISTMAS EDITION.

QU'APPELLE, ASSA., DECEMBER 24TH, 1897.



FRIENDS

Christmas.

It is a strange thing, that Christmas, the day when the world is so full of joy and peace, should be so full of sorrow and pain. It is a strange thing, that the day when the world is so full of joy and peace, should be so full of sorrow and pain.



YEARS pass by rapidly, so that before we could well say of 1897, "It is new," it has become old, and in a few days will have disappeared entirely and for ever.

And so Christmas has again come round, and with it the old story of the birth of the Christ, the story of the manger scene, the story of the journey to Bethlehem, the story of the journey to Egypt, the story of the journey to Nazareth, the story of the journey to Jerusalem, the story of the journey to the cross, the story of the journey to the tomb, the story of the journey to the resurrection, the story of the journey to the ascension, the story of the journey to the throne.

in myriads of homes; since family gatherings without number, hailed Christmas as the brightest day of all the year, and since multitudes on the last eve of this great Christian festival, raised their song of gladness, with which was mingled the exulting hope that thus they would all meet in coming years. But the weeks have passed rapidly by, and Christmas is again at the door before the echoes of its last rejoicings have fairly died upon the ear. Winter, with its gloomy rigour, and it was gloomy and rigorous indeed; spring, with its sunshine and showers, its buds and its blossoms; summer, with its burning heats, and autumn, with its golden fruitage, all have come and gone, so that before we could well say of 1897, "It is new," it has become old, and in a few days will have disappeared entirely and for ever.

such a power among the sons of men, moulding their thoughts, refining their feelings, elevating their ambitions, stimulating in every way their varied energies, and awakening, as well as retaining among their countless myriads, a love, which many waters could never quench, which, for multitudes, has turned prisons into vestibules of heaven, made tortures welcome, and death itself, even in its most repulsive form, an humble servant—nay, an obedient slave, and at the same time a most welcome friend.

But somehow or other this one birthday never grows old, and its varied celebrations never seem stale. Varied and numerous groups still year by year join in the angels' hymn journey in thought with the shepherds to see the great sight—the wondrous Child, whose advent visitors from the unseen had so strangely heralded, and to bow, with Magi, before this lordly shrine.

wassail, with thunder of exultation, and shoutings of throats, have all died away into the distance and have become as insignificant and unknown as those of the humblest shouters who then looked for a pot of beer to waken their loyalty and loosen their tongues.

to what, at best, was but a dream, perhaps loved them, certainly followed them, and no doubt died at their command. But who cares for them today? Who would shed a drop of blood for their honor? Who would spend a cent in order to tell to others when their birthdays came round?



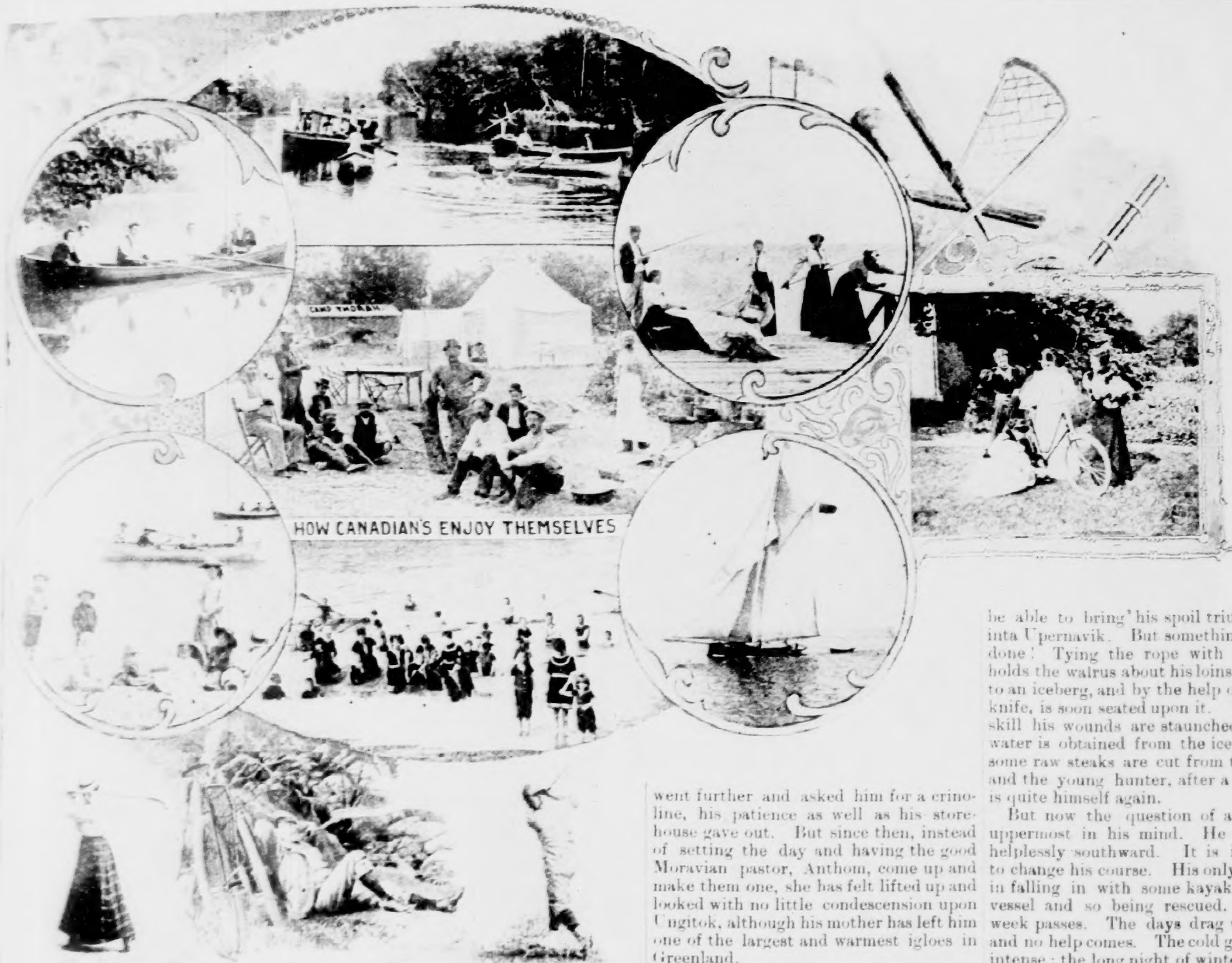
The Settler's First Grist.



1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26



Here and There



How Ungitok Killed the Walrus.

UNGITOK pushed his kayak out into the waters and with a quick motion seated himself in it. It was a queer kind of a skin-made boat; long and very narrow, with only just enough uncovered top for its owner to seat himself in it. And yet, in just such frail boats the Greenlanders will outride the wildest gale.

Seating himself deftly and easily, Ungitok drew the skins tight about his chest so that the waves could not beat in and drench him or perhaps sink his kayak. Then he began paddling with swift, true strokes that made the village of Upernivik pass far into the distance, as it lay at the foot of its lofty, snow-capped hills.

Back of the village, on a dark wintry slope, he could distinctly see the place of graves. How cold and dark it looked! And, with his keen, young eyes, he could make out the spot where his mother lay. It was just a year since they laid her under that mound of stones. How kind Sophia was that day! With what frank, open eyes and words of tender sympathy she had consoled him as he laid the form of his mother on the cold snow and built around and over it the great cairn of stones. No wolf would ever trouble her remains.

But Ungitok was not thinking of her to-day, although scarcely a day went without his thinking of her and reminding his little sister that no one could handle the kotluk as she could or draw therefrom such savory slices of walrus meat. No, the young kayaker is looking with hungry eyes toward the home of Gov. Rudolph. What a large, roomy, one-story house it is! And there are beautiful flowers in the parlor which the Governor's wife thinks everything of. They were brought from Julianashab—that is, the seeds were—and it requires all her housewifely skill to keep the tender plants through the long, dark, bitter cold weather. They cannot be exposed, even in July, to the outdoor air. But it is not of Mrs. Rudolph, the noble-looking Danish woman, that the Eskimo lad is thinking, nor of her beautiful flowers, but of Sophia, the Governor's excellent cook and the finest native belle in Greenland. Sophia is the object of his affections, and to Ungitok she is the dearest and most beautiful girl in all the world.

But Sophia, like many others of her sex, is a bit inconsistent, coquettish and domineering. True, she has kept company with Ungitok now for three years and nobody has thought of her marrying anyone else. And did she not tell Mr. Bradford that she was about to be married, when he was here in August, and ask him for a wedding dower, and the generous artist gave her what she asked for—some potatoes, salt pork, lard, pemmican, crackers and a dress! When she

went further and asked him for a crinoline, his patience as well as his storehouse gave out. But since then, instead of setting the day and having the good Moravian pastor, Anthon, come up and make them one, she has felt lifted up and looked with no little condescension upon Ungitok, although his mother has left him one of the largest and warmest igloos in Greenland.

Then, too, she has been very capricious. The last time he urged her to ride with him behind his six wild dogs—but everyone of which obeyed the sharp crack of his long whip—she positively declined; and, at the ball in the carpenter's shop a week ago, she actually danced an hour with that villainous-faced Nessak, who is almost the open enemy of Ungitok.

And only last night she was positively rude to him and questioned his manhood and declared she would never marry him until he had killed a large walrus out of hand and alone.

It is of all this poor Ungitok is thinking as his kayak flies swiftly through the icy waters. He has reached a firm decision. Sophia shall not torment him any longer. He will kill a walrus before he

be able to bring his spoil triumphantly into Upernivik. But something must be done! Tying the rope with which he holds the walrus about his loins, he swims to an iceberg, and by the help of his good knife, is soon seated upon it. With rude skill his wounds are staunch, a little water is obtained from the ice to drink, some raw steaks are cut from the walrus and the young hunter, after a brief nap, is quite himself again.

But now the question of a rescue is uppermost in his mind. He is drifting helplessly southward. It is impossible to change his course. His only hope lies in falling in with some kayak or fishing vessel and so being rescued. A whole week passes. The days drag wearily by and no help comes. The cold grows more intense; the long night of winter is rapidly coming on. His strength is waning. Must he die like a dog? And thoughts of his little sister and Sophia make the prospect of death still more bitter.

As he thinks of death there come crowding upon his mind the words of the good Moravian pastor about Jesus and his love for men, and, in his extremity, he prays to the white man's God to save his soul, and if possible rescue him from his perilous position. And then, as he looks up, he sees far away a kayak coming towards him. His prayer is answered. He is safe. For yonder boatman is Nessak. A weak halloo; a vigorous answer, and Nessak is rowing towards him. Ugly Nessak! He will never think of him as ugly again. Dear, good, old Nessak! How strong he is! And as he thinks of



OH! THOSE WATERMELONS.

looks upon her face again. Right well he knows where to look for one, for many a time he has been with old, experienced hunters when they were hunting them. He has gone with them in the dark, bitter, winter days and seen the hunters spear them at their air holes, and then snatched position as quickly as possible, for the infuriated beast was no sooner wounded than he looked furiously at his enemies, then diving down, swam to and came up crashing through the ice at the very spot where they stood. But it is too early in the season yet to find them lying on the ice by their breathing holes. No! his only chance is to look for one asleep at the foot of an iceberg or on a piece of floating ice.

Hour after hour the stalwart kayaker hastens on his way. Now he stops for a few moments to eat some strips of raw walrus meat and some choice bits of blubber. Then he resumes his oars. But suddenly his blades are arrested in mid-air. Far away his quick eye has detected a black speck upon a white cake of ice. Noiselessly the oars sink into the water and the kayak moves towards the black object.

A few moments of silent activity and Ungitok knows that it is a walrus. A moment more and he sees that it is a large male. And now, his heart almost stops beating. He is getting so near that the oars are taken in, and, seizing his lance, he hurls it with rare precision and force at the great brute lying there so still, as if dead. The sharp-pointed bone enters the walrus near its vitals. Immediately, with a snort of surprise, rage and pain, the great beast rears itself and plunges into the sea. A moment more and it comes up puffing and wounded, reddening all the waves with its life tide. Then, after looking with angry eyes at the youth, it sinks again.

Now if Ungitok were wise he would change the position of his kayak instantly, but he is busy uncoiling the rope attached to his lance that he may be ready to hold on to his prey. Suddenly, a long, sharp, ivory tusk pierces his frail boat and the next instant it is torn to pieces, and Ungitok, bruised and bleeding, is struggling in the water. Again the great beast comes up and strikes at him. But the walrus is now clumsy from loss of blood and the plucky young hunter seizes his knife and deals him a fatal blow. As he draws out his knife the life current follows it. A little floundering and the walrus is dead.

In this moment of supreme satisfaction Ungitok cares little for his wounds or the fact that his beautiful kayak is destroyed. The walrus is slain. Sophia must love him now! But soon, a sharp, stinging pain and great thirst remind him that he is wounded. He begins to realize his perilous condition. He is growing weak, many miles from home; alone, and with no means of getting back. A great fear seizes upon him. Shall he die out here in the ocean and Sophia never know that for her dear sake he has killed a monstrous walrus? Oh, if his boat were only right now, he has no doubt that he would

stirred: "You don't think she loves you! Why, boy, I wish Arantha loved me half as well. Love you! you'd think she did if you could have seen her running all about Upernivik four days ago beseeching every man of us to try and rescue you! Love you! Indeed she does. Why she promised me all her splendid wedding outfit for Arantha if I'd bring you home safe."

"Why," said Ungitok, "I did not know but Sophia was in love with you at the ball."

"In love with me! Why, you crazy boy, she was just pestering you. No, Arantha is the girl for me, and I'm going after Pastor Anthon just as soon as we get in and have a wedding right off and eat up these good things Sophia's going to give us. But, don't you worry, we'll leave enough for you and Sophia, only I think we had better have a double wedding, as long as the pastor is coming up."

What rejoicing there was when they reached Upernivik. Everybody was happy. Sophia came flying down, her long hair streaming in the wind, looking lovelier than ever, though her face was all tear-stained, and kissed Ungitok right before all the men and called him her own true love. And Nessak laughed and declared he couldn't stand it and was going right off for the pastor, which indeed he soon did. And a few days later two very happy brides were joined in marriage to Ungitok and Nessak, and everybody was very joyous. But all joined in saying that they had never seen so handsome and loving a couple as Sophia and Ungitok. A splendid feast was furnished and the revelry lasted a long time. Ungitok still showed the scars of his terrible fight with the walrus, but Sophia looked up and lovingly into his face and said: "Ungitok, dear husband, you did kill the great walrus all alone, didn't you? But you needn't think that it was only for that I love you. I have loved you all these years."



PLAYMATES.

"Many years ago the first settlers in this, then a wilderness almost, were obliged to take their grain one hundred and fifty miles in wagons to Albany, to find a market. The roads were bad, and travelling dangerous. Three of our farmers found a purchaser for their loads of wheat at Amsterdam, a village some twenty-five miles west of Albany, and were glad to dispose of it, and save themselves the travel. They took an order on the bank at Amsterdam for their pay, which was offered them in silver, but they objected to taking it, as it was too heavy to carry, and they preferred the notes of the bank. And here the laugh comes in. The officers of the bank refused to give them the bills, because the farmers were going so far into the wilderness the bills would never come back to the bank again! The matter was finally compromised by the bank's paying each of them one dollar extra on their consenting to receive silver instead of paper money."

Old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, whose name is still a praise in the churches, had an unfortunate habit of saying amusing things when he meant it not so. As when he was presiding in a meeting of ministers, and wishing to call on one of them to come forward and offer prayer, he said,

"Brother Colton,
Of Bolton,
Will you step this way,
And pray!"

To which Mr. Colton immediately answered, without intending to perpetrate any thing of the same sort.

"My dear brother Strong,
You do very wrong,
To be making a rhyme,
At such a solemn time."

And then Dr. Strong added,

"I'm very sorry to see
That you're just like me."

The good men would not, for the world, have made jests on such an occasion; but they could plead the same excuse for their rhymes that the boy did for whistling in school: "I didn't whistle, sir; it whistled itself!"

Dr. Mountain was chaplain to Charles II., and was asked by that monarch to whom he should present a good bishopric or just then vacant.

"If your majesty had but faith," replied the doctor, "I could tell you to whom you would give it."

"How so," demanded the king, "if I had but faith?"

"Why, yes," responded the chaplain, more witty than reverent, "your Majesty might then say to this mountain, be thou removed and cast into that sea." The monarch took the hint, and the chaplain took the bishopric.

"Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night!" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," Ford replied.

"You didn't! What in the name of thunder, then, did you say?"

"You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said that would be impossible, for the night was high onto two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

SAW the mountain stand
Silent, wonderful
And grand,
Looking out across
The land
When the golden
Light was falling
On distant dome
And spire,

And I heard a low voice calling:
"Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of earth desire,
From the vain pursuit of pelf,
From the attitude of self,
Come up higher, come up higher,
Think not that we are cold,
Though eternal snows have crowned us;
Think not that we are old,
Though the ages die around us;
Underneath our breasts of snow
Silver fountains sing and flow;
We reflect the young day's bloom
While the valleys sleep in gloom
We receive the raw-born storms
On our rugged, rock-mailed forms,
And restore the hungry lands
With our rivers and our sands.
He who conquers inward foes
All the pain of battle knows,
And has earned his calm repose
Countless souls ere the races
In the cycles took their places,
We were groaning to be free
From our chains below the sea,
Till we heard the sun—our sire—
Calling, calling, 'come up higher,
And we burst our prison bars,
And from out the mist and fire
And the ocean's wild embraces
And the elemental wars,
We arose and bathed our faces
In the sunlight and the stars."

Long time ago the *Deceiver* had the story of the two honest Dutchmen who were, for the first time, using a note of hand. Hans lent Staats a hundred dollars, and, between them, they managed to write a note; but then the question came up: Who should keep the note? At last it was agreed that Staats, who had borrowed the money, should keep the note, so as to know when it must be paid. At the time appointed he brought the note and the money, and Hans now took them both, and kept the note, that he might be sure it was paid. But this old story is not half as good as one which a Western New York correspondent furnishes of some of the pioneers who settled the region from which he writes. He says:



AN AFTERNOON BY THE LAKE.

A LUMP OF CARBON.
Till, one lump of carbon, burning
Lured in the glowing grate,
While the flames rose twisting, turning,
In this curious yearning,
To past elucidate.

With carbon, 'twas a way
To show the primal world,
From giant palm-tree, lifting
To head above the shifting
Storm cloud's lightning hurled,
To the tropic sea, hot laving,
And the roots its billows curled,
To see the Mammoth, straying
Near that mighty trunk of yours,
To ponder stop and gaze,
To see the ample base displays,
The sturdy limbs down laying,
To away the tardy hours!

Some monstrous Saurian, sliding,
It added up the neighboring strand,
To drift into its native sea
With something of agility,
To show all ungraciously on the land;
To show your roots, in blood-stained fray,
To show the Ichthyosaurs colliding,
To show the fight their lives away.

So, Ancient Palm corpse, was there
In that world of yours—primeval
Each of man in perfect shape?
Was there good? and was there evil?
Was there a man for was it ape?

So, lump of Carbon, burning
Lured in the glowing grate,
While the flames rose twisting, turning,
In this curious yearning,
To past elucidate.



NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD. R. R. Sallows, Goderich.

Our First Day in the Canadian Bush.

In the year 1870, my brother, aged eighteen, and your humble servant, aged twenty, set sail from Liverpool on board the good ship *Surmatian*, of the Allan Royal Mail Line, bound for Quebec, whence we intended travelling into Western Canada, where, like most other young, ardent, and untired spirits, we fully expected to amass fabulous wealth in the shortest possible space of time.

I will not touch upon our sensations on arriving at Quebec; nor speak of the railway journey from Quebec to Toronto. From the latter place we, after a short stay, proceeded north to hunt up a location; and eventually, after much wandering to and fro, pitched upon a "lot" at no great distance from the Georgian Bay. Oh, with what pride we—standing in a small clearing of about twenty yards by ten, made probably by some lumber-man—that is, wood cutter—surveyed as far as we could through the thick forest, "Our Farm." What stores of hidden wealth we pictured as ready to burst forth at our command! Ay, out of the coarse wood of reality, what silken raiment of romance did we not weave, when—

"Hulloa! strangers! guess ye ain't lost, air ye?" We turned; and seated straddle of a log on the edge of the clearing, how he had got there without our hearing him, or how long he had been there, I know not. We beheld a tall lank figure, habited in a slouch hat much the worse of wear, flannel-shirt ditto, and dirty jeans, continuations ditto ditto, long coarse boots, and holding in his hand an axe; and who having thrust a "silver" of pine into his mouth, sat stolidly looking at us without uttering a word.

Surprised, and angry too at having my visions of wealth so rudely dispelled, I drew myself up, and throwing as much hauteur into my voice as I could, I said: "Sir, did you address me?"



Leisurely rolling himself about on his log, and looking round him in a most tantalizing way, he expectorated, and replied: "Wal, boss, I guess there's nary another two-footed critter, barrin' yer friend, within call, anyhow."

"Well, sir, then allow me to inform you that we are not lost. We have come to look at our new Farm lot," this was said with a grand air of proprietorship.

"Farm lot," he drawled out, as he looked round him into the bush. "Wal, you air green. Say, Mister, can you handle an axe?"

"No," I hotly replied. I cannot handle an axe; but I suppose I can learn. And let me tell you, sir, that I don't know what you mean by bothering me

with questions in this manner. We are busy looking out a site for a house. Saying this, I moved away.

Before, however, I got ten paces, he was beside me; and placing a huge hand on my shoulder, he half turned me round. "Now say, Mister, don't get into one of your old-country tantrums. Just hearken a bit. I have a snug bit of cleared [with emphasis on the cleared]—of cleared farm a mile or two from here. I seed you two fellows in Wakosh last night; and seeing as how my old man [father] was from the old country—though I was born and bred in the United States—I guessed I'd give you a hand, if so be as you were willing."

In spite of my irritation, there was such a bluff, open heartiness and good-nature in the way he said this, that, after a look at my brother, who was almost choking with suppressed mirth, I held out my hand, saying: "I am much obliged to you, sir, for your kindness; but I hardly think you can be of much use, as when we have pitched upon a site, we shall have a man out from Wakosh to build our shanty."

"Wal, now, Mister, an old resider can almost generally be use to folks coming in fresh, 'specially green hands. Now, don't get riled at my calling you green hands; [I had involuntarily drawn myself up at the repetition of the obnoxious word], 'because you air green, both of ye; there's no mistake in that!'"

Anxiety as I was becoming, the downright convinced manner in which he jerked out the last sentence, and the whole appearance of the man, made me almost laugh. My brother, who never had a proper notion of maintaining his dignity, laughed outright; and after a hard struggle to keep up a proper reserve, I followed suit. This broke the ice; and in an incredibly short space of time, and in a way that on looking back afterwards seemed like magic, our new friend, by a string of leading questions, totally untrammelled by the faintest suspicion of delicacy, had drawn from us our names, ages, place of birth, Christian names of father and mother, our prospects, amount of ready-money we possessed—and would probably have found out how often we individually and collectively had suffered the pains of toothache, had not my answer to the following question caused him to pause with an expression of countenance which no mere words at my command can describe. He had asked me who was to build the shanty for us, what size it was to be, whether shingled or boarded on the roof, and what it was to cost, in his usual self-collected way.

I answered him with my usual deliberation. Isaiah Lucy was the builder in prospect, as we had not actually finished the bargain; that it was to be twenty-four feet long, seven feet high at the fall-side, and twelve feet wide; the roof to be shingled throughout; and that he wanted sixty dollars (twelve pounds sterling); but that I had offered him fifty dollars (ten pounds sterling).

Never before had I seen a few quietly spoken words produce such an effect. When I said that I had offered fifty dollars, his face suddenly assumed a mixed expression of wonder, semi-credulity, and pity, ending in one of unutterable contempt. "Fifty dollars!" Jumping up, he drove his axe into the log between us within three inches of my leg, with a force that made me dart back. "Fifty dollars!" he repeated. "Wal, my old man was from Ireland, and I've often heard him say as the grass there was the greenest in the world—"murald," he called it; but—and here his voice took a mingled expression of petulance and sorrow—"there ain't no shade or shadow of a green colour on the hull universal uth as can match you. Fifty dollars!" Here he sank into a fit of musing, utterly unmindful of the angry expression of my face. Some of his disjointed utterances reached me as follows: "Old country bloods! Green! Shame! Fifty! Do it for twenty better than any one else." Suddenly springing up, he expectorated savagely, and pausing for a moment, he turned to me and said: "Look here, boss. I've kinder cottoned to you fellows. Ye're young; and ye've a mighty heap to learn afore ye get your 'Farm' working for ye. But I'm not a gon to see you imposed on at first start. Say now, I'll do the job for you for twenty-five dollars, and give you a day's hauling with my oxen to boot. How did you come out? Did you seek it or lugged it?"

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I may here remark that he meant did we walk or drive. I had a very hazy idea of his meaning, but answered haphazard that we had walked.

"Wal, I guess you can't make Wakosh this night; so tote along o' me, and my old woman'll give us some fixins to eat; and to-morrow ye can get to Wakosh and tell Ike Lucy as Patrick Abiram Flynn'll build yer shanty for five-and-twenty dollars, and a good one at that."

We agreed to his proposal; and on our way to his house, which by the way proved to be a frame-building of some pretensions, I—being struck by the singularity of his name, or rather names—asked him how he came by his second name of Abiram; with this result.

"Wal, you see, boss, when my old man came out nigh fifty year ago, he squatted first in Connecticut State. After a while he fell to sparking a young gal, a orphan, a regular downright Methodist kind—as they mostly are down east. Wal, they got spiced; and after quite a spell I come along. The old man was regular crazy, I've heard tell, with downright delight when he caught my first squall. They do say he pinched me black and blue, making me howl, to be sure it was me—and I could yell, you bet. Wal, after a while I was to be named. Now his name was Patrick; and nothing but Patrick would do him for me. But the old woman said 'No.' Says she: 'One such mislaid name in the family is enough.' She had the most trouble with me, she said, and she guessed she'd give me a decent name. Nathan Abiram, or Elijah Dathan, or Ephraim Nebuchadnezzar, or some other sensible name. Wal, the old man was pretty considerable riled, I reckon. 'Calling him Pontius Pilate at once,' says he. But at long last, they split the trade. He threw in Patrick, and the old woman shored on Abiram. And I reckon neither o' them spoilt the block in the naming." Here he looked at his jeans continuations and boots with evident pride and satisfaction.

By the time we had finished laughing at this curious baptismal oration, we had reached the house, where Mrs. Flynn, a tidy and young, though faded-looking woman, gave us a hearty supper of fried pork, hot cakes, flap-jacks—pancakes of maize meal—apple-pie, and strong green tea; after which a little more talk about house-building and a couple of pipes, we tumbled into a clean if tolerably hard

only a dry bed, covered with stones, and immense masses of debris from the sides of the mountains. The place where we now found ourselves was a sufficiently startling one. On our right the mountains rose high above us, now in the form of a precipitous cliff that overhung us and seemed to threaten our destruction, and now in the shape of a rugged slope, scarcely less steep than the precipice itself, covered with great boulders and projecting rocks, with here and there a



THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

(By Pettisworth.)

proceed, by first throwing our bags across the gulf, then leaping after them ourselves, sending one of the men back with our mules. My cousin first essayed the gap, and got over clear. Then came my turn, but I hardly felt equal to it. Not that I was of a timid nature or a bad jumper; but the events of the last few minutes had somewhat unnerved me, and the shriek of the terrified hunter, the thunder of the descending rock, and the far-away deadly boom of its landing in the chasm below, still hung about my ears with a confused and ominous buzz. I felt half-disposed to show the white feather then and there, and decline the perilous venture. But my courage was partially restored, as I saw my cousin safely landed; and I leapt. My feet touched the opposite ledge, but I had lost my balance. My cousin made a clutch to save me, and, missing his hold, in another moment I had fallen back into the gulf below.

I did not at first know what happened. It was all so swift and terrible. I only remember giving myself up for lost, and anticipating my being dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Yet such was not my fate. About twenty feet down, I struck slightly upon a shelving rock, which diverted my course from the perpendicular, and miraculously threw me sideways, in a sloping position, into an open cleft or fissure of the rock, which caught and kept me wedge-like, leaving me hanging head outwards over the deadly gorge. It was an awful position to be in, but I did not at first realize it. I neither knew where nor how I was. At length, in answer to the repeated cries of my cousin above, I awakened up to a kind of consciousness, and clutched at some shrubs in order to help me into a position of less danger; for the sight of the open chasm below had a sickening effect on me, and I felt that unless I could strengthen my hold by means of the shrubs around me, I might at any moment slip out of the cleft and be hurled into the abyss.

My cousin saw there was not a moment to be lost. A little before we entered the defile, we had passed a large party of travelling merchants, and so he despatched one of the men back to overtake them, and borrow a rope. While this was taking place, I hung in a state of indescribable agony. I was afraid to look up, and still more afraid to look down. I could only clutch at the shrubs which every moment threatened to give way, and bury my face between my clenched hands, as if to shut out the horrible sense of present danger. It seemed to me hours before the man returned, though he could not have been away above fifteen minutes. He brought with him about twenty yards of rope, which was let down to me, and which I caught firm hold of, with the intention of tying myself in it. But, unfortunately for me, in this emergency, I fainted; the excitement and suspense proving too much for my overtaxed energies. This was a new difficulty to those who endeavoured to rescue me. My cousin had to jump back to the other side of the gap; and this, with the help of the rope, he successfully accomplished. When there, his first idea was to descend, by means of the rope, to my rescue; but one of the attendants would not allow him, on account of his weight, and himself volunteered to make the attempt. He was a light-made, agile man, and, throwing a loop round his shoulders, he was able, with the help of the others, to swing himself down, and to listen me securely to the rope. Consciousness began to return, and this was fortunate;

otherwise, all the efforts of those who would hardly have sufficed, without assistance, to relieve me from my perilous position, my foot having got jammed tightly in the cleft of the rock, that, with the greatest difficulty I could sustain it. At length, though not without anxious labor, I was hoisted safely on the pathway, and placed upon my mules; but in so exhausted and broken condition as to be unable to keep my seat on the animals back without assistance. We retraced our steps; and when some days afterwards we renewed our journey, it was by a safe, though more circuitous route, for I had no wish to repeat this my first and only Rocky Mountain Adventure.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his "Life of Washington," speaking of the expedition of General Wolfe against Quebec, says that Wolfe was seeking to wipe out the fancied disgrace incurred at the Falkland Montmorency. It was in this mood he is said to have composed and sung at his evening



THE ROYAL HIGH-AND-DEERS, 1890. (Black Watch.)

mess that little campaigning song which linked with his name:

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die?"

Even when embarked in his military enterprise, the presentiment of death seems to have cast its shadow over him. A midshipman who was present, and who relates that, as Wolfe sat among his officers, and the boats glided down steadily in the current, he recited, in low and trembling tones, Gray's "Elegy in a Church-yard," then just published. The stanzas may especially have accorded with his melancholy mood.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth
Await alike the inevitable hour."

The path of glory leads—but to the grave.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, when he had finished, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

bed, and soon were in the land of dreams. So ended Our First and perhaps our most eventful day in the Canadian Bush.

THE OLD NURSERY STORY.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN.

SHE was like a dolly, so bonny and wee; And oft at the gloamin' she'd sit on my knee, I'd pat her soft cheek while my hand she would hold.

And always the old nursery story I told:

■ There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;

She sat in her bower, and pined in despair; Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied; And he was the king's son, and she was the bride.

The years have sped onward, and now she's grown up;

But still at the gloamin' she sits in my lap; She presses my hand, while I kiss her soft cheek And still of the old nursery story we speak:

■ There once was a Princess; gold, gold was her hair;

She sat in her bower, and pined in despair; Till by came a Prince, and the fair one he spied; And I am the king now, and thou art the bride.

A Rocky Mountain Adventure.

SOME years ago I was, along with a cousin of mine, on a prospecting tour, and had got as far west as Colorado. After seeing something of the kind of life out there, we left Denver City on the 18th July,

with the intention of crossing the Rocky Mountains to see some silver mines of which we had heard a good deal. We started at an early hour in the morning, with four mules and two attendants, and by noon had reached a height of nearly seven thousand feet, without anything remarkable having occurred. The scenery was characteristic of the elevated and arid district through which we travelled. Far above the mountains rose into sharp peaks covered with snow, while down in the great canyons or gorges we could trace sometimes a little stream, cheered by a scanty vegetation; at other times

shrub or stunted tree anchored in clefts. The path along which we moved was but a few feet in width, and beneath as the precipices descended almost vertically into the shadowy gorge hundreds of feet below. I durst not look down—the very sight made my brain swim.

The mules, with the caution peculiar to these useful animals, picked their way along with the utmost care, and I was just beginning to regain a little of the confidence which I had lost on entering this terrible defile, when we heard above us, among the rocks, the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a sudden shriek, and a noise as of thunder. We looked up, and saw that a little in front, but far enough away to be clear of us, a huge mass of rock had been dislodged from the precipice above, and was rushing downwards crashing along amid a cloud of dust and an artillery of small stones that whistled about our ears like a shot from a hill-battery. It was only a second, when we heard the mass strike our path some way in front of us, and then go careering down in one terrible plunge into the yawning depths of the gorge below. The rifle-shot and the shriek made us at first afraid that a human being had descended with that fearful avalanche of stone, and had been dashed to pieces on the rocks. But as the dust cleared away we could see that the hunter had happily saved himself by clinging to a shrub, and was now making successful efforts to reach a kind of rocky plateau, which he no sooner reached than he disappeared, and we passed on our journey, a good deal startled by what had occurred.

But judge of our amazement and vexation when, on proceeding forward, we found that the rolling mass of rock, in its descent, had struck the footpath on which we travelled, and carried a piece of it quite away, leaving a gap of about eight feet, above which the rock rose sheer like a wall, and beneath was one horrible precipice, to which no mortal foot could cling. Here, indeed, was a fix. We could not possibly climb or scramble across, for the little strip of path that was left was so broken and shattered that we durst not venture upon it. We had no planks or ropes, therefore our only way was to jump. Now, a jump of eight feet is not much to speak of in a gymnasium; but when you have to clear a chasm, where to miss your footing or lose your balance means almost certain death, it becomes a very different thing. Had time permitted, we would have turned back; but our mission was urgent, and we resolved to



"HERE'S PAPA."



COLONIAL REPRESENTATIVES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

WHERE IS YESTERDAY?

Where is yesterday? — says to his Mother,
A young man, in a hurry, just
As he is now, so you are,
And you were yesterday!

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Our Drawer.

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To which they replied, "You are Parson Peters, you come from Attleboro', and you are going to the wicked place." The parson responded: "From the looks of the inhabitants, I should think I had got there already."

A LINGERING LEAF.

Thou leaflet! fluttering all forlorn
On bough so bleak and bare,
In what sweet sunlight was thou born?
Amid what charmed air?
Ah! thou hast nought of beauty now!
No remnant of thy grace;
A solitary thing art thou
In this lone woodland place.

When all thy sister leaves rejoiced,
Thou wert as green as they;
And on this bough, all silver-voiced,
The minstrel sang his lay;
Ah! who so slight and fair as thou,
A graceful Summer gem!
And who so brown and withered now,
Alone upon thy stem!

Thou waitest but the icy breath
Of Winter keen and chill,
And thou shalt fall to deeper death,
Tossed at the cold winds' will;
Perchance to wander like a ghost,
A waf, through sky and earth,
Spurned by every breeze, and tossed
As if in mimic mirth!

And many a year the Spring shall wake
The earth with leaves and flowers,
And this bleak bough in bloom shall break
South vernal sun and showers;
And leaves as gay and light as thou
Shall flutter in the sun,
And cluster on this hawthorn bough—
So perish, lonely one!

Three Travellers.

TRIO of travellers began the journey of life together. Flowers lifted towards them, bright, dew-laden faces, and birds warbled their morning carols. Fruits ripened in great variety by the wayside. The sun threw mantles of golden warmth over all, impartially.

One looked heavenward and saw only God. In grim forebodings or, at times, enraptured visions of an anticipated future he lost the glory of the present. Fear, the grim overseer, with lash of scorpion stings scourged him along the way. He



ROSEBUD.

born from the fear of punishment or the hope of a reward. To the afflicted he murmured: "It is the will of the Creator. This life is but a drop in the great ocean of eternity. Repent, and be saved before it is forever too late."

Poverty sought his tears. "Why should I weep?" he asked. "Ye are an honored instrument in the hands of the All-Powerful. I question not His providence." To all he spoke of this world as at best but a vale of tears. Comfort and hope, consolation and relief, existed only on a far distant shore.

Old Age and his companion, Death, waylaid him as the shadows of night were falling, and gently robbed him of his heavy cross. He fell asleep with a servile prayer for mercy on his dying lips.

One looked through eyes of selfishness upon a teeming world, and cried in ecstasy: "Lo, it is mine! mine!" Strength was his gift, enjoyment his pursuit. To press Joy's cup to eager lips, to shut from out his heart all forms of sorrow and of pain became his highest hope.

With the plummet of Desire he sounded the deepest depths of the Gulf of Indulgence. Under exultant heel he crushed the fairest flowers. Satiate fawned upon him, and Ennui wrapped him in her staid embrace.

Dark clouds obscured the brightness of the sun. Looking back, up the way he had come, he saw Old Age approaching from afar. He observed that the old, the feeble, and the helpless bought or begged, or perished by the way. He began to prepare for his own time of need.

With his strength he kept others from the choicest fruits, and sold them for a price; and the price he kept. He also became the bondsman of a god—the god of Self; and when he gave some dode of charity to check the cries for mercy or relief from those his strength and advance had parted from their own, he worshipped Self as one who did a godlike deed.

He also feared and shunned a demon-dread—Material Loss. He grew blind and deaf and dumb to all things good, yet knew it not. Unselfish Love he never changed to meet. Death came at last and freed him from his clogging weight of dress, and left him rich in infinite Regret.

One gazed upon the world with mingled joy and grief. Its beauty and its wealth struck poems of thanksgiving from his soul. "Yet, why," he questioned, "there being food for all, should any starve for lack of it?" For love of Justice touched a chord of pain in every happy thought. He could not feast while Hunger stalked the earth, nor dress in costly garb with rags the common lot.

"Oh, Wrong," he cried, "that persecuteth Right! Right's cause is mine, and thou, mine enemy." He saw Humanity a perfect whole, preyed on by myriad parasites. His one ambition was to foil their greed. The bliss he sought was happiness for all. Another's wants by him relieved, relieved his own.

Greed hissed, "Thou fool!" but souls of famished children drowned the taunt. Caution urged, "Beware!" For self-protection. He made reply: "I, part of all, best serve myself when all I serve."

While humbly plucking fruits to fill poor empty hands, the birds' songs filled his heart with happy prophecies, until it

"GOOD AND BETTER"

FATHER sat by the chimney post,
On a winter's day, enjoying a rest;
By his side a maiden young and fair,
A girl with a wealth of golden hair;
And she leans the father, stern and cold,
With a question of duty, true and old:
"Say, father, what shall a maiden do
When a man of merit comes to woo?
And, father, what of this pain in my breast?
Married or single—which is the best?"
Then the sire of the maiden young and fair,
The girl of the wealth of golden hair,
He answers as ever do fathers cold,
To the question of duty, true and old:
"She who weddeth keeps God's better;
She who weds not, doth better."
Then meekly answered the maiden fair,
The girl with the wealth of golden hair:
"I will keep the sense of the Holy Letter,
Content to do well, without doing better."

"My dear," said a lively married lady to her lord the other day, "My dear, I hope you have no objection to my being weighed."

"Certainly not; why do you ask me the question?"

"Only to see, my dear, if you would allow me to have my weight once."

"Oh, Mr. Patrick F.—" was annoyed exceedingly by a strange dog, as Coleridge says, "a harmless dog," who invaded his domestic, made abstractions from his cellar, and was very much in the way of Mrs. Patrick F. in the kitchen. On a cold winter night, the wind cutting like a knife, and snow frozen so as to burn like carbolic acid, gas frozen, after the dog had been turned out doors no less than three times, and the last time requested to go to a warmer place unmentionable, Patrick was again awakened by the noise of a rather extensive fracture of glass. The dog was in the house again. Patrick waited upon him out, and both were absent some fifteen minutes; so that Mrs. Patrick F.—, becoming surprised, almost alarmed at such a prolonged absence, arose also and went to the window.

From her point of observation, she saw in the clear moonlight, her lord standing "in naturalibus," baring the shirt, and the wind making free with that, as of course it would, at the northeast corner of the house. The dog seemed to be occupied on his "last legs," his fore legs forming two sides of an acute triangle.

"What are you doing there, Patrick?"

"There was such a chattering of teeth that the answer for some time was somewhat unintelligible—at last it came."

"I am trying to force the last to death."

you have spoiled one of the best sermons in the whole lot I have got.

"But his turn for criticism came, and well did he improve it. Mr. Benedict preached in the afternoon. Unfortunately for him, he used some illustration drawn from the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. The eye of old Father Whiggins twinkled; for now he had caught his optic in a pit-dignous blunder. After service he took Mr. Benedict home with him, and admiring most delicately to the fact that the wisest men are sometimes mistaken, he went on to say: "Brother Benedict, I am astonished that a well-read preacher like you should draw an illustration from a work of fiction like the 'Life of Bonaparte'."

Mr. Benedict was puzzled to know what the good man was at, but ventured to say he presumed Father Whiggins was joking.

"Not a bit of it," said he; and going to a closet brought out a copy of Archbishop Whately's 'Historic Doubts,' in which that able writer shows what kind of an argument might be constructed to prove that no such man as Napoleon ever lived.

"There," said the old gentleman, "read that; and any man who will read it and believe that any such person as Napoleon ever lived, must be a fool."

Father Whiggins had been convinced by the Archbishop's reasoning, and Brother Benedict did not attempt to say a word in his own defense, but he did not say a word in the 'Fortnight in French History.'

And after all this, how true it is that a "good thing" depends very much upon time and place, and more than either upon the man who says it, for its effect. When the son raves, the beasts of the forest tremble, and when the lion comes sounds to laugh, the beasts must spot their sides. Reputation for wit is worth as much at dinner as for wealth on "chances." Selwyn's commonplace were received with wild applause; but they would have fallen still-born from another.

But Selwyn did rattle to some purpose. It was proposed to raise a subscription for Fox, and one of his friends observing that it would require some diplomacy, asked how Fox would take it. "Take it," said Selwyn, "why, quarterly, to be sure."

And when a namesake of this same Fox was living at Tyburn, Fox inquired of Selwyn if he attended the execution. "No," replied Selwyn, "I make it a point of never going to *chairs*."

But if any other than Selwyn had said those, and a score of other things, they would not have been written and reprinted at the end of a hundred years.

A cool story is told of an officer in the American army, during the war of 1812-14, who was, and is still, more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kennaday, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking, wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men, and proceed to a place named, and take the two Kennadys. The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions, and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than

one of the provinces without a reinforcement!

Not a neater compliment did a lovely girl ever receive than was paid to one in the flower market the other day by an Irish woman. The young lady was bending her head over a rose-tree when a purchaser was about to buy, when the market woman, looking kindly at the fresh face of the charming girl, said to her, gently: "I axes your pardon, miss, but if its pleasing to you, I'll thank you to keep your cheek away from that rose; ye'll put the lady out of conceit with the color of the flowers."

That was very neatly done, better than the Duchess of Devonshire, who was accosted in the street by a sailor, as she leaned out of her carriage to see what was



THE FLOWERY DAYS OF YOUTH.

obstructing the way. "Please, madam, and let me light my pipe by your eyes."

The Duchess, used to say that, after the sailor's compliment, all others were insipid.

It is a little curious how things are reversed in this world of ours. If one is poor, and lives in a cottage, the song is, "I dream I dwell in marble halls"; while lovers who sing of love in a cottage, invariably do so in a parlor of a mansion much larger than anything that comes under that denomination; a parlor generally extremely well furnished, and the song is always accompanied by the very best piano that can be procured.

The superscriptions upon letters going through the mails of our common and reverend "Uncle Samuel" are often very curious. Here, for example, is one in poetry:

"As soft as the dove your course pursue;
Let nought your speed restrain,
Until you reach Miss Lucy Drew,
In Newfield, State of Maine."

And lately in the post-office of that most beautiful of western cities, Cleveland, Ohio, was found a letter with the following plainly written address:

"To the big-faced Butcher, with a big wart on his nose—Cleveland, Ohio."

The clerks in the post-office all knew the man; but they were afraid to deliver the letter.

"Do you think I shall have justice done me?" said a culprit to his counsel, a shrewd Kentucky lawyer, of the best class in that "eloquent State."

"I am a little afraid that you won't," replied the other; "I see two men on the jury who are opposed to hanging."

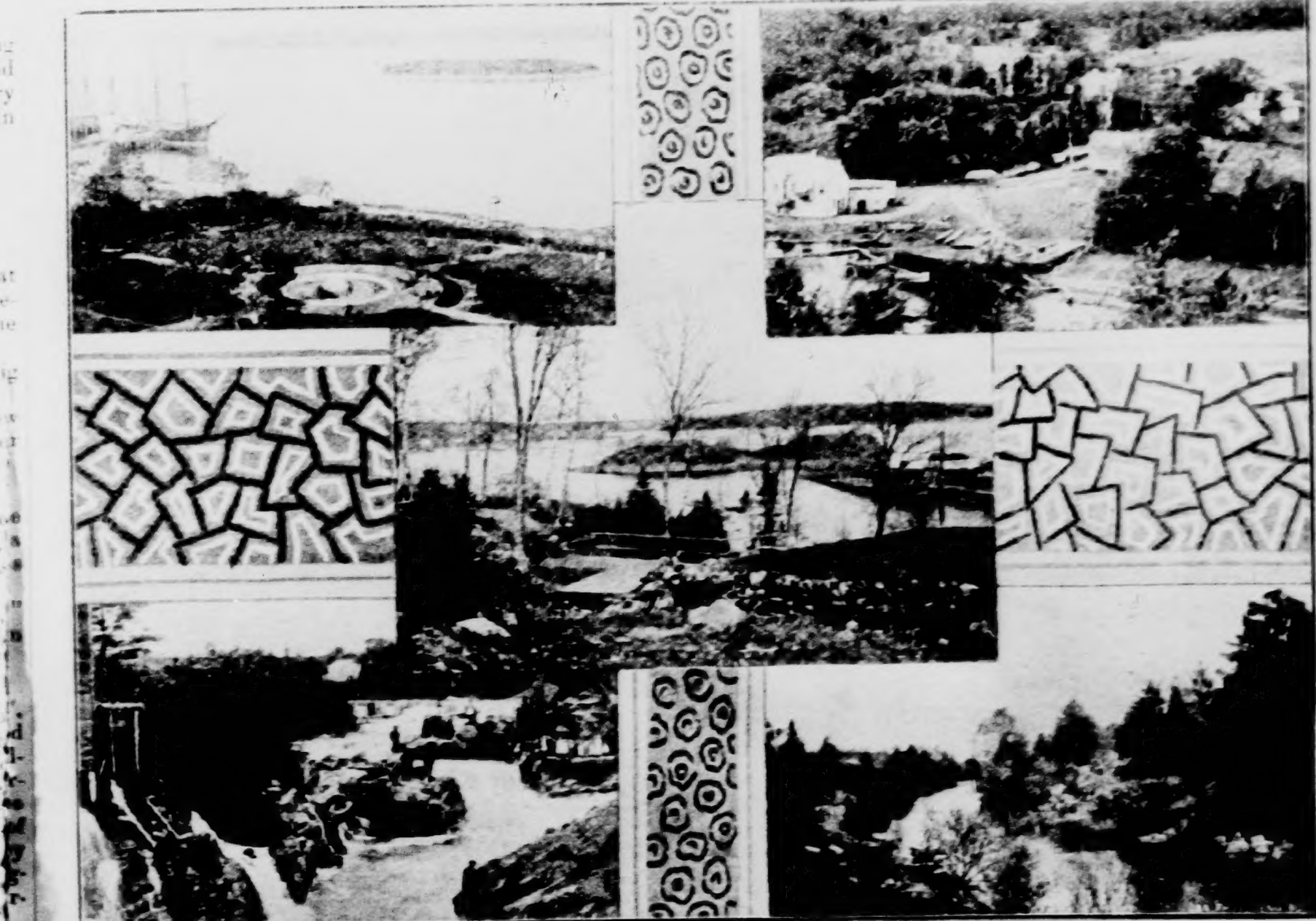
The Rev. Mr. Peters, of Attleboro', was slightly eccentric in his habits, at this encouraged his people to be free and easy with him. One time he was wandering over the hills, and got lost in the woods. At last he came upon a party of men burning wood for charcoal, but they were so blackened that he did not recognize them though they were his own parishioners. Approaching them he said,

"Can you tell me who I am, where am from, and where I am going?"

saw humanity a writhing mass of worms, of which a favored few were by God's mercy saved, while all the rest were through His vengeance lost.

He made great sacrifices; he did terrible penance; he supplicated; he entreated. He worshipped with flattery, but without reason, which he shunned as a thing of darkness and child of the Evil One, born to lure the unwary into paths of vice.

His every thought paid tribute to the sovereign he served. Each gift to another was either a peace offering or a loan made to his God. His acts of self-denial were



SCENES IN THE LAND OF EVANGELINE.

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRY.

The Qu'Appelle

ROLLER



THE HOME MARKET THE BEST

Valley Flour Mills

PROCESS

Joyner & Elkington, proprietors, Fort Qu'Appelle.

Our Hungarian Patent, Strong Bakers' and Graham Flours cannot be surpassed

GRISTING. Bran, Shorts, Chop, Cracked Wheat, Grits, Corn and Oats.

Chopper for grinding Feed Stuffs. Full supply always on hand at CREAMER & GRAY'S, Qu'Appelle Station.

HENRY H. HAYWARD,

GENERAL MERCHANT.

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Groceries,
GREEN FRUITS AND FRESH FISH (Trout, Herring, Halibut and Cod).

Large stock of Fancy Goods and Crockery for Xmas.

FORT QU'APPELLE, Assa., N.W.T.

HOLIDAY HINTS

If you have any doubts about a suitable holiday gift, come and see us. We can help you out. Our stock is large and well selected.

We are doing an immense trade in teas. Our 60c. tea is unsurpassed in delicacy of flavor, while we have rich, strong mixtures at 30, 40 and 50c. Besides these specialties, we have a large stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., all new, fresh, and at reasonable prices.

A. E. IRDALE & CO., General Merchants, Fort Qu'Appelle.

Qu'Appelle Valley Hotel.

The only licensed house at Fort Qu'Appelle.

A full line of the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors, Ales, etc., is now kept at the bar for the convenience of the public and visitors.

Parties seeking
Health or
Recreation find the

Qu'Appelle Lakes

Just the locality
to meet
their requirements.

As well as a "Sportsman's Paradise."

ROBERT S. SMITH, Prop.
FORT QU'APPELLE, N.W.T.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Xmas & New Year's Cards,

BOOKS, TOYS, STATIONERY, HAND-SLEIGHS, ETC.

PROCTOR BROS., - Fort Qu'Appelle

FOR ONE MONTH

I will sell No. 9-23 Famous Model, wood, with reservoir, at \$35.00. No. 9-23, Famous Prairie, wood and coal, with reservoir, for \$27.00.

... JAMES DILLON,
COMPANY AVE., FORT QU'APPELLE.

Great Slaughter Sale ?

For three weeks' only! 15 per cent discount in Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes. The above is no fake. All goods marked in plain figures.

Try our 3-lbs.-for-a-dollar Tea.

C. T. BAILEY & CO.,

QU'APPELLE STATION.

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A. McKENZIE,

DEALER IN

Choice Fruits and Confectionery,
And Everything Nice.

BALES AND PARTIES SUPPLIED.

QU'APPELLE STATION, N.W.T.

R A MERRY XMAS

AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

If you want anything in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Clothing, Etc., call and see us. Prices right.

J. P. BEAUCHAMP,

QU'APPELLE STATION.

THE CITY MEAT MARKET

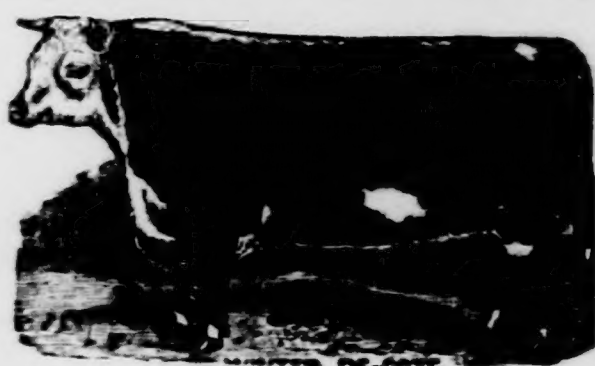
Fresh Fish, Game, Beef, Venison, Mutton,
in fact everything in our line. Everything
up-to-date

R. JOHNSTON,

QU'APPELLE STATION.

BUTCHER.

MacCaul & Harvey



CRACKED

CORN

SACKED

\$1.25 per 100 lbs.

The Leland Hotel, D. H. McDonald & Co.

QU'APPELLE STATION, Assa.

The most popular house in the west. Modern conveniences. Home comforts. First-class cuisine. Choice liquors and cigars. Good sample rooms for commercial travellers. Convenient to railway. Headquarters for stage to Fort Qu'Appelle.

THOS. BLACKWELL, Prop.

The Queen's Hotel.

Thos. Hilliard, Prop.

FIRST-Class accommodation for guests. Table supplied with the best in the market. Fine sample rooms for commercial travellers. Choice brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Porter meets all trains. Rates \$1 per day.

NEW

Feed, Sale & Exchange
STABLES

Cor. Pacific avenue and Walsh street.

First-class accommodation and obliging attendants. Charges moderate.

S. T. GIBSON, - - Proprietor.

J. H. COWAN,

BARBER.

Gun repairing. All kinds of barbers supplies for sale.

Cigars.

Qu'Appelle Station.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS I

I have a fine line of fruit confectionery and groceries suitable for the holidays. Give me a call.

MRS. E. AMBLEH, Qu'Appelle Stn.

W. JOHNSTON,

DEALER IN

Stoves, Tinware and Cutlery.
Qu'Appelle Station.

Bankers and Financial Agents.

Money to Loan.

Notes Discounted.

Collections Solicited.

Returns Promptly Made.

Correspondents:

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

PRICE lists, etc., of Ontario and Qu'Appelle, C.P.R., and Hudson's Bay Lands at our office. Lands and town lots offered on easy terms of payment.

:: Fort Qu'Appelle ::

ANGUS URQUHART

BLACKSMITH

Fort Qu'Appelle.

Horse Shoeing and Plough Work a Specialty. All other kinds of jobs neatly and promptly executed.

Reapers, Mowers and all kinds of machinery.

J. R. NORTH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

+ BUTCHER +

Highest cash price paid for hogs and birds.

Beef, mutton, pork, sausages, poultry and game in season.

Next the Bank - Fort Qu'Appelle

Call on . . .

.. MacGurk

And see his cheap . . .

Work Harness

Methodist Christmas Tree.

The children of the Methodist Church Sunday School will hold their annual Christmas tree entertainment in the Town Hall at 8 o'clock on Christmas evening. Special preparations have been made for the entertainment. The Cantata "Waiting for Santa Claus" and a Fan Drill in costume will constitute the main features of the evening programme. All are invited to make use of the Christmas tree in giving presents to their friends. Admission 25cts. Children free.

Sir Francis Lockwood, a British M. P., is dead.

—Farmers, have you seen the Sylvester press hoe drill sold by Creamer & Gray?

—Messrs. Joyner & Elkington have instructed their agents, Messrs Creamer & Gray, to give four sacks of patent flour to the Heather curling club for competition.

—Rev. Father Roy leaves this evening for Montreal on a visit to his sick mother, and begs to announce that church will not be held here until his return, which will be announced in these columns.